

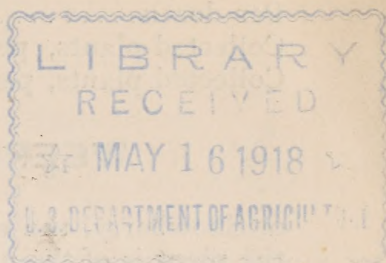
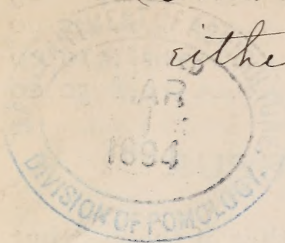
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Franklin Academy Nursery

FRANKLIN, NEB.

M. M. FAY, Secretary.

OUR SPECIALTY.

(THE) TREASURES OF THE ROCKIES.

Silver in Colorado is down, but the choice shrubs and flowers and silver tinted evergreens are as valuable as ever.

This nursery has sent thousands of choice trees to the different N. E. states and to all parts of the union. Hundreds of pounds of seeds have been sent to the leading nurseries of Europe, one order through our chief of forestry going to Prince Bismarck. It has furnished a large amount of seeds and thousands of trees for our government experiment stations.

Among our friends we mention Hon. James F. C. Hyde, Boston, Wm. Strong Waban, Mass., T. C. Thurlow, West Newberry, Mass., Ellwanger & Barry, Rochester, N. Y., Hon. Thomas Meehan, Philadelphia, Pa., Jackson Dawson, Superintendent of Arnold Arboretum, Boston, with hosts of others.

Tens of thousands of our beautiful trees are growing nicely in various parts of the union. Evergreens are the most difficult trees to handle. The secret of our success is, on digging we immediately seal the roots air tight, by dipping them in the richest mud we can find, which both defends and nourishes the roots. It does not injure like stiff clay, but dissolves and feeds the tree when it is planted. In short the tree is planted as soon as dug, with no chance for the roots to dry or the tree to get hungry.

RUBUS DELICIOSUS

is a profuse bloomer, like a mound of snow for whiteness in springtime. It is a great favorite in the Boston parks, highly endorsed by that prince of horticulturists, Jackson Dawson. It is one of the best shrubs in the Arnold Arboretum and the Cambridge Botanic garden.

Single plants.....	\$ 25
Per dozen.....	2 00
Collected plants, per hundred.....	10 00
Collected plants, per thousand.....	50 00

WEeping SYMPHORICURPUS

or Snowberry, the white wax berry resembles that of the east but the plant is of the most graceful weeping habit. Price, same as *Rubus Deleciosus*.

THE SPIREA TRI-COLOR

or *dumosa*, is a magnificent free bloomer with immense spikes, continuing to bloom a long time. It is the king of the spireas—a splendid shrub. Price the same as for *Rubus D*.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN COLUMBINE

is by far the largest of the family. It is snowy white and of the deepest blue, responding readily to cultivation. The bulbs of the above are the same as the *Rubus*.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN CLEMATIS

has a mass of fluffy white bloom which often covers the trees. It is very attractive and claims the attention of the tourist. Each \$1.00, dozen \$6.00.

SEEDS.

<i>Picea Pungens</i> , per pound.....	\$4 00
<i>Picea Englemanii</i> , per pound.....	8 00
<i>Picea Donglassi</i> , per pound.....	4 00
<i>Abies Concolor</i> , per pound.....	2 00
<i>Abies sub Alpena</i> , per pound.....	8 00
<i>Pinus Ponderosa</i> , per pound.....	3 00
<i>Pinus Flexilis</i> , per pound.....	5 00
Pure Columbine Seed, 1/2 oz.....	1 00

TREES.

<i>Picea Pungens</i> , nursery grown, 2 to 3 feet.....	\$ 1 00
Nine to twelve inches, per hundred.....	25 00
Eight to twelve inches, per thousand, bright silver....	200 00
Collected from the mountains, 3 to 4 feet, fine.....	1 00
Three to four feet, per dozen.....	8 00
Two to three feet, per dozen.....	5 00
Eight to twelve inches, bright, per hundred.....	10 00
Six to Eight inches, per thousand.....	30 00

Picea Englemanii often called the blue spruce, nursery grown, two feet.....	75
Nursery grown, per dozen.....	3 00
Six to Eight inches, per hundred.....	8 00
Mountain Trees, two to three feet, deep silver, each.....	\$ 75
Two to three feet, deep silver, per dozen.....	3 00
Two to three feet, deep silver, per hundred.....	20 00
Eight to twelve inches fine, per hundred.....	5 00
Eight to twelve inches, fine, per thousand.....	40 00
Six to eight inches, per thousand.....	20 00
Four to Six inches, per thousand.....	10 00
Douglas Spruce, nursery grown, 2 to 3 feet silver tints....	1 00
Per hundred as they run.....	25 00
Collected two to three feet, per dozen.....	3 00
Collected, two to three feet, per hundred.....	15 00
Eight to twelve inches, per thousand.....	15 00
The CONCOLOR, the noblest and most beautiful tree in the Rockies, two to three feet, nursery grown, each..	1 00
Two to three feet, per dozen.....	8 00
Two to three feet, per hundred.....	50 00
Ten to fourteen inches, per hundred.....	25 00
Collected eight to twelve inches per hundred.....	3 00
Collected eight to twelve inches, per hundred.....	25 00
Sub Alpena, collected, eight to twelve in., per hundred..	5 00
Pinns Pondurosa, eight to twelve, per thousand.....	15 00
Pinus Flexilis, beautiful per hundred.....	5 00

This tree resembles Pinns Cembra and is a great success in the west.

SILVER CEDAAS.

These are hardy, thrifty and beautifully silvered.

Nursery grown, two to three feet, per dozen.....	\$ 6 00
Per hundred.....	30 00
Eighteen to twenty-four inches, per hundred.....	15 00
Collected, three feet, each.....	50
Collected, eighteen to twenty-four inches, per thousand..	75 00
Collected, twelve to eighteen inches, per thousand.....	40 00

Our mountain collector is F. P. Porter, Beulah, Colorado. For years he has had the most careful training in selecting, digging and packing. He has collected largely for the U. S. government and also for two of our largest western state universities. He does not pull trees, but digs with the greatest care, and packs in the most approved manner, and he can show the most flattering commendations both from east and west and we are confident he is the best collector and packer in the Rockies.

Send 2 cent stamp for the fullest description given of the Rocky Mountain Evergreens. Thousands of circulars have been sent out by an extensive dealer with exactly the same description as given in our pamphlet. We did not borrow from them, if we did we should have given the usual credit.

WARNING.

Numerous parties desirous to emulate our success, have sent our circulars as collectors, who know nothing of the business, but offer trees cheaper than we can. It costs to get the best. Mr. Porter has a fine pair of mules and sometimes has to go ten or twelve mile and pack trees through most difficult paths.

Send to F. P. PORTER, Beulah, Colo.,
or to M. M. FAY, Franklin, Nebr.

A ❖ NEW ❖ WORLD ❖ OF ❖ BEAUTY.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE

Rocky Mountain

EVERGREENS

TREES OF MARVELLOUS TINTS

© Adapted to the East and West. Tested and ©
Approved by Leading Horticulturists.

WRITTEN BY

— C. S. HARRISON, —

FRANKLIN, NEBR.,

Dedicated to Nurserymen, Horticulturists, and
all who Love Beautiful Trees.

ROCKY ❖ MOUNTAIN ❖ EVERGREENS.

Seeking a recreation from a heavily burdened professional life, I became deeply interested in these western conifers. Having a cottage among them, where I spend several months in the year, watching them in all stages of their development, seeing them at all seasons of the year, gathering sometimes hundreds of pounds of seed and raising seedlings by the thousands, I have thought best to give horticulturists and all lovers of the beautiful some account of them.

Ages ago rock from the western mountains were carried eastward in the great ice ships, and enough to build a city has been landed on the prairie a few miles from where I write. There is another eastward movement now from the Rockies, which is bearing the hardiest and most beautiful conifers on earth and distributing them over the plains and scattering them over the land to the Atlantic.

Nowhere in the world, do you find trees of such marvelous beauty as in the Rockies. They are not trees to be petted. They are children of the storms, very hardy and adapted to a wide range of soil and climate. What is the cause of that exquisite sheen which gives them such attractiveness? Probably the high altitude, and the shelter of the deep gorges. A tree standing out in the full sunlight, and in the full sweep of the winds, seldom has these silver robes. You find the richest colors in the best sheltered places, where the evolution of beauty has been going on for ages, and those garments of more than courtly splendor have descended from parent to child.

Merit is sure to win. The horticulturist now searches the high elevations and dark canyons, not for silver mines, but for the silver which mingles with the green in such harmonious blending. Trees are influenced by their environment. The red cedar of the Platte river, and the silver cedar of the Rockies, are first cousins. One has been buffeted by the storms and burned by the droughts; the other has had the shelter of ages, and time to attend to her garments—like a delicate white child reared in a city home—the other is like a squaw, tanned and bronzed by long exposure.

With care this rich sheen can be preserved, and even enhanced. I have seen finer trees in the nurseries and lawns of the east, than I have in their mountain habitat, unless we except the Concolor.

Providence has held these ornaments in reserve for these later days, when the whole world is being searched for the rare and beautiful. The fairest charms of the mountains can easily be transferred to the plains. A bright colored tree from the Rockies will to some extent lose its luster in transplanting, and it will perhaps be a year or two before it is restored; but in rich ground, with good care, it will again show those mingled tints, per-

haps with increased brightness. Planted on the hot, wind-swept plains, they lose their beauty, except when growing. When well sheltered, they preserve their tints the year around.

If you want to see the most exquisite robes that trees ever wore, seek some deep gorge, where there is such a blending of beauty as will photograph a picture of loveliness on your memory. There kind Mother Nature has been performing work no artist can copy. Lie in the shade, and let the sun and a gentle breeze put that beauty on exhibition. On the background is the gray granite. There is the *Ponderosa*, waving its plumes of deepest green. There is the *Douglassi*, in soft colors, from light green to richest silver, and there the silver fir, so true to name, with green and ermine commingled; and there the cedar, with fine, rich, deep foliage, so different from its relative of the plains.

Go higher up, where the snowflakes fly in summer and the sleet storms come in August, and you find the *Pungens* and *Englemanni*, children of the clouds, whose fleecy whiteness seems to linger in their foliage, and even in the glare of the sun those branches seem flooded with the softness of the moonlight. These trees of such attractive and unique coloring, are sports or variations of their respective species, found only in our western mountains.

THE PICEA PUNGENS.

This is the king of the spruces, clothed in royal robes of silver and sapphire, a very Kohinoor among the gems of the Rockies. It is a child of the storm king, growing at an altitude of from 8,000 to 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is generally found even there in deep gorges or on the north of the ranges. We would naturally suppose that it could not endure a sudden change, or thrive in a hot climate. But the fact is, there is no tree which can endure a greater variety of soil and climate. There are fine specimens growing in Washington, also in North Carolina. In the middle of June, just as they were starting to grow, they have been taken from their cold home in the clouds and put under a light screen in Nebraska, when the mercury was averaging 100° day after day, and some of them, under such a sudden change, made a growth of two inches in two weeks. They have been transplanted successfully during every month in which they could be dug. I have known instances where they have been taken from the mountains in August and planted without shelter in the most trying climate of the west, and they pulled through grandly. West of the Missouri river the White, Black, and Norway spruces are very uncertain, dying from the winter drought; but the *pungens* is not thus affected, doing well on the plains of Kansas or in the moist air of the Atlantic.

Until this tree is 25 years of age it will probably be by far the most attractive conifer on earth. That marvelous sheen seems of the deep blue and the fleecy clouds poured out on the branches like a flood of beauty.

This tree has been extensively grafted, but as only laterals could be used, it was hard to make the tree rise in the world. The upright leader of course could not be used for the scion, and so the tree partaking of the nature of the graft did not know which way to go, and so would go every way but upward. It is pitiful to see the poor things so helpless without a head. When found growing in the forests or raised from seed in the nurseries, only about one in four, and sometimes not more than one in ten, will have the silver blue color, and so grafting was resorted to to secure the best types, but this is for the most part given up. The process seems to bewilder the tree so that it takes a long time to recover. The high altitudes are now searched for the finest specimens, which transplant with satisfaction, and grow rapidly and symmetrically. There are probably no finer specimens in the world than those transplanted from the mountains in Denver and Colorado Springs. The rare color of these trees is somewhat tricky. You may put the brightest tree you can find on the wind-swept plains and it will become green, except while growing, when it will brighten again. You may make the most careful selection and send east, and they will lose their gala dress on the way. The collector is often severely censured for not sending bright trees, when the finest have been sent, but sweat out the color on the way. But it is restored again as soon as the tree begins to grow. Two pungens grafted from the same tree will show different color, according to different situations. For some cause trees raised from seed in nurseries do not develop as bright color as those growing in some sections of the mountains. Some of the ranges will show a much larger per cent of richly colored trees than others. Seed from the brightest trees will not always give the best results. The best way is to take those with established colors and give them good cultivation. The brightest tree, if stunted or neglected or placed in an unfavorable location, will take the sulks and turn green. It also changes as old age comes on.

The question arises, while the tree endures such a diversity of soil and climate, why is it never found at a lower altitude or among the foot hills? The answer is, it could not possibly grow there. The Douglas, the ponderosa and concolor have large seeds and send out a strong plant, and therefore they are found lower down. Pungens seed is small, about 110,000 to the pound. In the higher altitudes are frequent showers and often moss in the woods, and the ground is seldom dry. It is not hot enough to kill the prants, and so on the north side of the high altitudes Nature has provided for their propagation.

In a dry, hot climate it is very hard to raise them from the seed, and it will be found much more satisfactory to pick the finest from those already grown.

The cone of the pungens is about one-half the size of the Norway. The needles are short and sharp—pungent—hence the name. They are like polished glass. In Denver you will often see them covered with dust and smoke

but on shaking them they will be as bright as ever. This peculiarity makes them especially adapted for city planting, and from its construction we would judge it was invented for this purpose. Dust is poison to conifers of soft foliage. This distinctive feature of the tree must not be forgotten, for it will doubtless grace a thousand city homes where there would be no success in planting any other kind.

These trees vary much in form. Those on the grounds of Robt. Douglas, of Waukegan, Ills., are remarkable for their pyramidal form and symmetry, while others will be defective. The tree has a regal grace, stern and unyielding in outline, like an oak among the conifers. It throws out stiff, shelf-like branches, each year giving a new shelf. Sometimes the snows lodge heavily on it, and you would think it would be pendulous like the white or Norway spruces, but as soon as the snow is off it springs back again.

Taken all in all this is a remarkable tree. There is probably no state in the Union where it will not thrive. It might be monotonous to have the entire grounds planted with them, but every lawn or yard should have at least one to give with its unique coloring such a pleasing contrast to the deep green of other trees. Hardy, healthy, and wonderfully beautiful, it should be welcomed to every home.

PICEA ENGLEMANI.

This tree much resembles the pungens, and in fact is often taken for it. I have known dealers to fill orders for "true silver blue pungens" with this alone. A dealer wrote me he had 100,000 genuine silver pungens, and that he saved his seed with great care. We exchanged samples of seed. His pungens were Englemanni, and so were the seeds. The seeds of this tree are very small, about 200,000 to the pound. The cones are about half the size of those of the pungens. This, however, is a very valuable and hardy tree, and will endure the change of climate nearly as well as the pungens. It is seldom as highly colored, but I think has more uniformity of color. It is a fine, compact tree, very suitable for lawns. High authority to the contrary, there are two types of this tree—the common and the gigantic. An ordinary description would give the needles as much shorter and finer than the pungens, and the tree about the same size; but in some of the higher altitudes you will find the needles twice as long, and the tree the very giant of the Rockies, growing four feet through, and 150 feet high. In the larger type we often find a most graceful tree. The branches sometimes pendulous; a rich silver sheen; a pyramidal form, with none of the stiffness and sternness of the pungens. The tree transplants readily, and does well on the western plains, and also in New England. There are some fine specimens in Massachusetts, which commend themselves to the lover of the beautiful. A few of these trees are needed in every collection.

THE BROWN CEDAR.

This tree grows with the pinon well down upon the foot hills. It seems to prefer dry places, especially the slate rocks. It grows where no other tree can live, and how it endures year after year in regions where it never can have its feet wet, is a mystery. Its next neighbor is the bush or candle cactus, which thrives with the sage brush and greasewood in the driest part of the continent. The brown cedar is not as durable as the red, but is much heavier. Of course it grows very slowly, and a tree a foot through may be centuries old. It is largely used by the Mexicans for fuel. It throws out a strong, pungent odor. It is difficult to transplant, and would probably be valuable only as making one in a collection. The foliage is light green, almost yellow. Under favorable conditions it makes a fair growth. It is difficult to raise from seed, and it is almost impossible to find thrifty young trees for transplanting.

THE SILVER CEDAR.

This belongs to the great red cedar family, which is so widely diffused over the United States. You find one form of it in the east, and another in the west, while it grows to the far north and in the extreme south. The peculiarity of the cedar of the Rockies is its extremely fine and rich foliage, so entirely different from the cedar of the Platte river, to which it is so nearly related. A sample was shown to the State Horticultural Society at Lincoln, while just under the window where they sat was a row of Nebraska cedars. *The one was coarse and brown, while this was very fine and delicate, with the richest silver tints. Sometimes for a short time in the winter, if unduly exposed, they will turn brown, and even then the silver frosting will sparkle brightly. Planted in sheltered places, it keeps its color through the winter, and where it is exposed, a few warm days in spring will bring back those exquisite tints.

BLACK HILLS SPRUCE.

This is the *Picea Alba* or white spruce, but with this difference, that while the Norway and the white and black spruces of the north will not endure the winter droughts of the western plains, this tree seems well adapted for all the regions from which the others are excluded. Growing in a dry climate, and often richly colored, it seems to meet the requirements of a vast field. While the air of the plains has but about 50 degrees of moisture to 90 in the eastern states, it is necessary to have something which will endure the bright sun and drying winds of winter. We have not the experience with this tree we have with the Rocky Mountain conifers, yet having a few thousand growing, we have great faith in them for the west, and we see no reason why they would not do well in the east also.

PSEUDOTSUGA DOUGLASSI, Or Douglas Spruce.

This is emphatically the tree for the million. While on a visit to the eastern nurseries, I noted in almost every instance that it was the most rapid grower of all the conifers.

Sometimes the complaint is made that it grows too fast, and is not compact enough for a lawn tree; yet on my grounds they seem to have the perfection of form. The foliage is soft, and much resembles the hemlock, hence the name (resembling the hemlock). In the mountains it is a grand tree. It reaches from the Rockies to the Pacific slope, and our Chief of Forestry, B. E. Fernow, tells us he never on earth saw such a burden of lumber to the acre as that produced by this tree in the west. We are to bear in mind that seeds from the conifers gathered on the Pacific slope are tender, while those gathered in Colorado produce hardy trees, which endure both drought and cold.

Unlike the firs, this tree has fine and fibrous roots like the Norway, and transplants as readily. The past year I tried the experiment of transplanting trees that were very stocky growing in open spaces, and two or three feet high. I planted quite a number in the nursery at Beulah, and also in Pueblo, Col. These were all planted in the open air. I also put a lot of the same size under the screen at Franklin. In every instance I was highly pleased with the result. At least 90 per cent lived, and they seemed to thrive just as well as Norways of the same size from the nurseries. Planted without shelter in the hot winds of the plains, I have known the buds to be injured by severe late frosts, and in one instance I have known the western sirocco to scald the soft foliage slightly. It will succeed admirably for grove planting, but will not endure exposure to hot winds and drought like the defiant and courageous ponderosa. The gardener of the Old Colony R. R. has ordered a quantity for timber planting in Massachusetts, and I have no doubt of its taking the lead east and west as a timber tree. It is transplanted from the mountains so readily that it is better to get the small trees than to raise from the seed. The yield from a wagon load of cones is light, and it is somewhat difficult to grow the plants. It is much cheaper to take those already grown in the mountains, and as you can easily handle those of large size, much time is saved. The lumber of this tree is very strong, and is invaluable for timbers, joists and scantling, and makes good lumber for finishing, though, like the hemlock, it is easily split. In color it is much like the redwood of the Pacific coast.

I want to call your attention to one feature of this tree. In the deep gorges, and on the north side of the mountains, as you reach the high altitudes, you will find them of the deep blue type—literally sparkling with silver. Seen at a distance they are often taken for the pungs. These trees should be sought out and cultivated, for in addition to their rich coloring, they have more flexible grace in contrast with the rigid pungs.

PINUS PONDEROSA.

For several years I have watched the heroic struggle of the Scotch pine on the prairies of Nebraska. You see many fine specimens from the early planting of E. F. Stephens on the line of the B. & M. railroad, yet I predict that in a few years they must succumb to unfavorable influences. They need wet feet and cannot always have them here.

There are some specimens in the Republican valley I have watched with interest. They did nobly until this year of unprecedented drought, and now they must die or be crippled for life. Yet they occupy just such a position as that in which the ponderosa succeeds. They grow naturally in the northwest portion of Nebraska, and among the foot hills and in the mountains of Colorado. Eastern Colorado seems one of the most uncongenial regions on earth for any tree to grow. How pines can live there is a marvel. The atmosphere is exceedingly dry, the sun shines through the clear air with a fierceness and directness unknown in the east. For years the ground will not have a thorough soaking. In the summer, though rain may sometimes fall in floods, it will run off before it can saturate the ground. Much of the time the grass will be burned dry; yet there this tree is found, growing out of granite rocks, where its roots can cling to some crevice, or you see them in rotten granite, where no soil is found, and sometimes you find them clinging to the very brow of the awful precipice, waving defiance to drought and storms. Of course, you find them at their best in rich valleys, where they grow to perfection. Their range is from an altitude of 5000 to 10,000 feet, and they are found both on the north and south sides of the mountains. Strange to say, while so hardy and adapted to such uncongenial surroundings, they do not thrive well in the moist climate of the east. I think there is but one fine specimen in Massachusetts, and that is in the Newtonville cemetery. In a humid air, it is subject to mildew. I think, however, this difficulty can be obviated by taking trees from the highest altitudes, where rains are frequent, and they are under the snow for most of the year. Those that have been tested in the eastern states are from the dry foot hills.

For a long time I have been making careful experiments with these trees, and I am more and more convinced of their adaption to the great plains. Years ago I planted some direct from the mountains, in the hot sun of Nebraska, without shelter or protection. I watered them once and cultivated them the first year; after that I left them to total neglect, to fight their way with grass and weeds, and they have succeeded grandly. The first few years the weeds were in the ascendent now they look ashamed. This group have made about a foot a year. Some young trees under cultivation in ground where the roots are dry as ashes, have made over a foot of growth. Under favorable conditions I think the ponderosa the most attractive of all the pines. It belongs to the same family of the Scotch and Austrian, having two, and sometimes three, needles in a sheath or cluster. The tree looks

some like the Austrian, but is a more rapid grower, compact and vigorous, with long, deep green, glossy needles, which are sometimes ten inches in length. It has been thought that this tree could not be transplanted, and therefore there was no use in trying it. But with careful handling 75 per cent will live, and after being two years under the screen, they handle as well as the Austrian, and better than the Scotch. The firs and spruces are sometimes injured by late frosts in the spring, but this tree is not affected by them.

Owing to its rapid growth, the wood is coarse grained and liable to warp, but it makes fine finishing lumber, an oil dressing bringing out the grain to perfection. Many fine houses in Colorado are entirely finished with this lumber. Among the evergreens, for the plains I place this first and foremost. It can endure the fiercest rays of the sun; it is not affected by the severest cold. It can endure the most trying drought, dropping a part of its foliage if necessary to adjust itself to its surroundings. It seems at times almost endowed with intelligence, sending out its roots several hundred feet for water, if there is any to be had. It is a brave, grand, heroic tree. It is the future sawlog of the plains. With this we can have groves and shelter belts, which will change the face of the country, modify our climate, and give us a breastwork against the blizzards, and protect our homes.

PINUS FLEXILES.

This tree is seldom found at a less altitude than 7,000 feet. It is hard to tell why it does not grow in the foothills along with the ponderosa. It much resembles the white pine, though the needles are shorter. It transplants well. I find it does very well on the plains and prairies of the west. I have seen it growing at Pueblo, Col., and in some places in Nebraska. Mr. Stephens of Crete has a fine specimen, only four years from the mountains. It has a compact, hardy and vigorous appearance. With Mr. Douglas of Waukegan it mildews. Whether it would do well at the east or not is a question. Several have been sent there to test. Wherever it succeeds it must be a favorite. It helps to swell the list of trees that will succeed in the vast treeless regions. It has a very large cone, and though it does not grow to a great size, yet it should not be overlooked.

THE CONCOLOR.

I take this description from an article published in the Boston *Congregationalist*:

"That tree with that bright foliage is a concolor. Riding with a friend in Massachusetts last winter far off on a hill we saw a row of evergreens. There, said I, is a tree from the Rockies, which proved to be true. As the name indicates, it is even colored, the same the year around. But you say: 'What a marvelous beauty this has—ermine and emerald blended. Such a sheer! a tree dressed

in glory! What is it? It is a robe of matchless beauty the great Horticulturist has given these conifers, making them the most attractive of anything on earth. They are held in reserve for these later days, when nature and art unite to make home and lawn and landscape so attractive to the eye of taste. Note the contrast of this rare color with the deep green of the pines. There are one or two of these trees on the princely estate of Mr. Hunnewell at Wellesley. They are true to their nature—some trees put on wonderful beauty while young; but these retain their attractiveness down to old age, and wear their brightness, as the Christian does his joy, to the very last.

"But in order to see these trees in all their glory you need to see them while bearing their cones. Here is a grove of them. All are dressed in their marvelous attire of silver and green. On one tree the blossoms and cones are of deep, rich purple. What a contrast to the other hues! But this other tree has blossoms and cones of lightest green—another contrast. The cones grow erect at the top of the tree. They are perfect in form, and about the size of an ear of sweet corn. As they mature in their perfect symmetry, these colors seem to deepen, and then from the cones that clear gum exudes; the sun shines, and it sparkles like crystals. Take this grove then, with the sun shining brightly upon it, with its green and silver, its purple and crystal, and it seems almost too beautiful for earth. From the small plantings of this tree at the east one has no conception of its coming symmetry and grace, its beauty of mingled tints; and yet at the east I note that these trees do as well as in their own habitat, and you will soon have these mountain treasures there, that will hold the stranger spellbound by their unique beauty. I have tried selecting seeds from the rarest specimens, and find that among the thousands now coming up most of them fairly sparkle with silver."

This tree is hard to transplant, unless taken from some gravel bed or the disintegrated granite of the mountains. There the young trees will have fibrous roots, and they succeed fairly well. Seventy-five per cent is a reasonable stand. After being two years under the screen, they are ready for outdoor planting. They do fairly well in the hot, dry climate of the plains, and grow finely on the Atlantic coast. In the mountains the concolor is a majestic and long-lived tree. The wood has a fine grain and is very white, and is excellent for finishing in oil. I cannot praise this tree too highly. It is almost as well colored as the pungens; but while that will go back to the green, this will retain its beauty, probably through centuries.

THE FIR OF THE HIGH ALTITUDES.

Growing among the pungens and the Englemanni, in the Greenhorn range of the Rockies, is a beautiful fir. It grows straight as an arrow, with body white as the aspen. In form it is much like the balsam fir; in color it is much like Nordmanniana. The foliage is deep, glossy green above, and silver beneath.

It has a tendency to propagate itself from the lower limbs. These, trailing on the ground, take root and throw up little groves of fine trees. One day I came across a fine cluster, very thrifty and straight as arrows, and wondering at their peculiarities, I saw that they came from the long limb of a tree that was dead. They seem a little sensitive to the excessive heat of the plains, but will probably do well in the east. By some they are called the Sub-Alpena, but they are not like any specimens of that tree I have seen.